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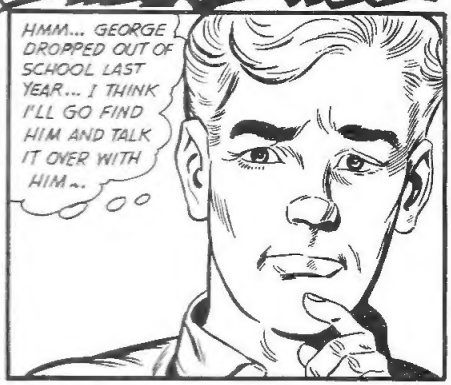
STRANGE ADVENTURES
JUNE
NO. 153
12¢
Featuring:
"THREAT OF THE FACELESS CREATURE"
WITH MY SUPER-SCIENTIFIC POWERS, I AM CREATING A HARMLESS NUCLEAR EXPLOSION! UNLESS YOU SURRENDER YOUR PLANET TO ME, I WILL CHANGE THE NUCLEAR CLOUD INTO A WORLD-WIDE DESTRUCTIVE ONE!

NOT WANTED: HIGH SCHOOL DROPOUTS!



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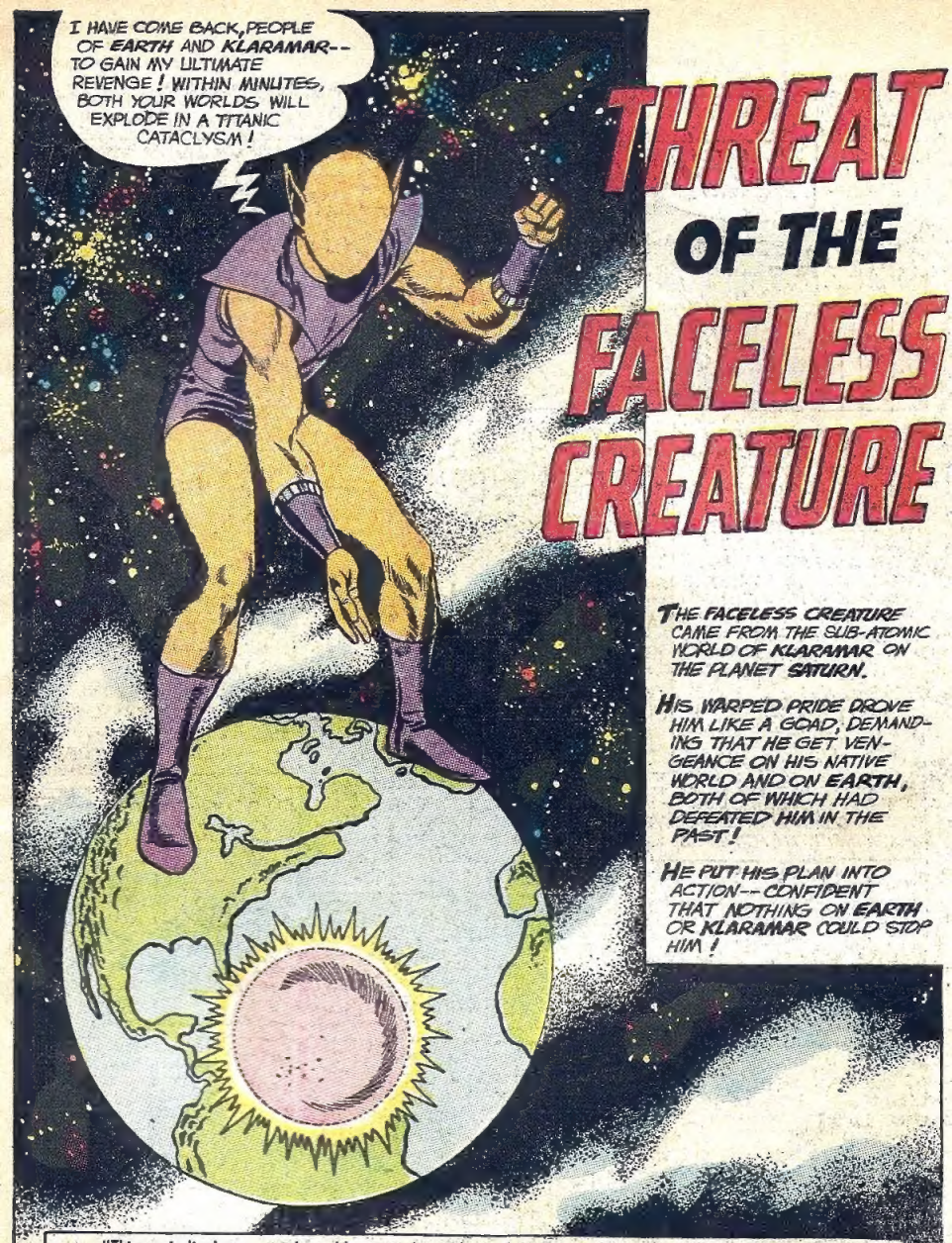

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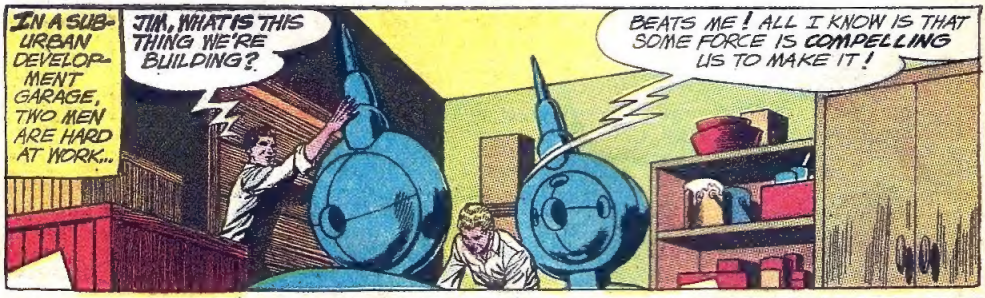
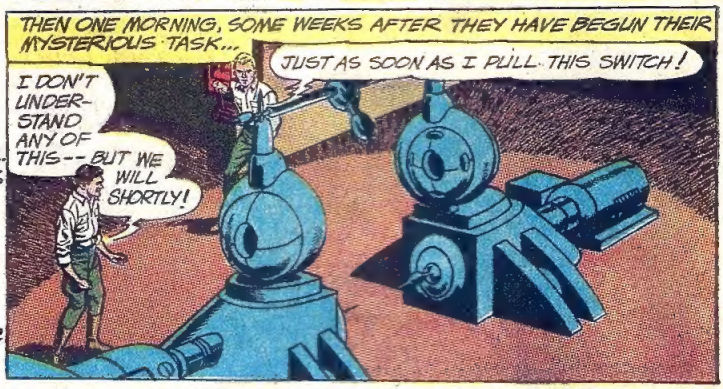
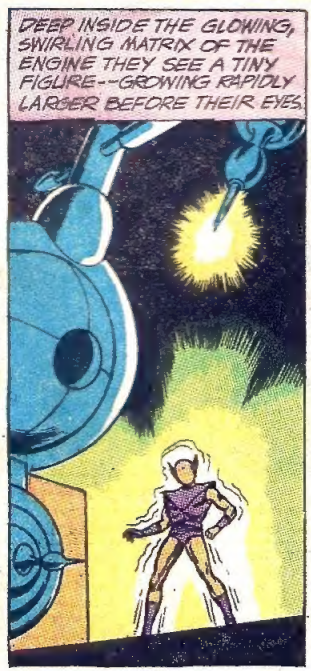
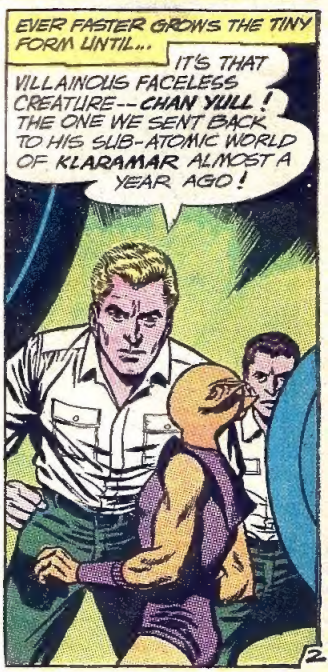


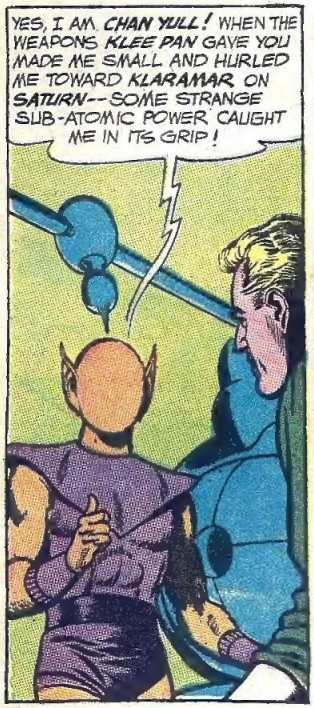
THE ONLY TWO MEN ON EARTH ABLE TO COMMUNICATE WITH ONE ANOTHER BY TELEPATHY*--A GIFT OF KLEE PAN, A FACELESS CREATURE FROM THE WORLD OF KLARAMAR*. HIGHWAY PATROL TROOPERS BOB COLBY AND JIM BOONE WORK ON AND ON... NIGHT AFTER NIGHT...

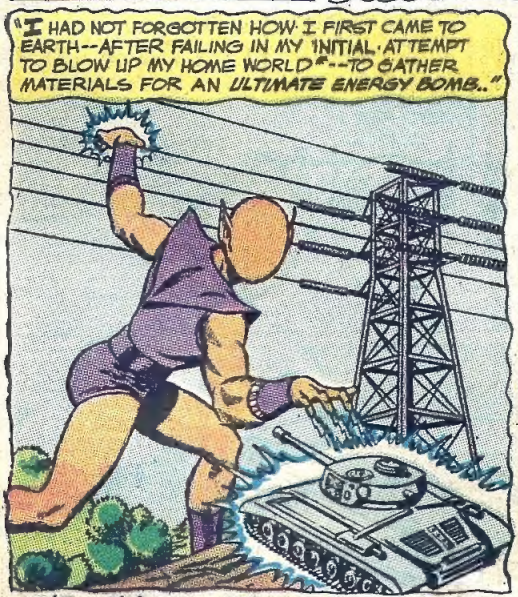
* Editor's Note: See STRANGE ADVENTURES #142 "Return of the FACELESS CREATURE!"





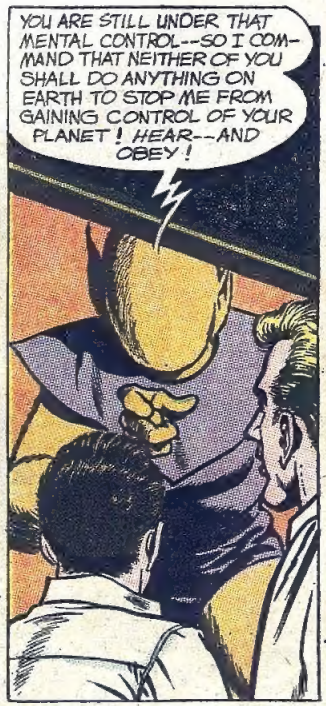




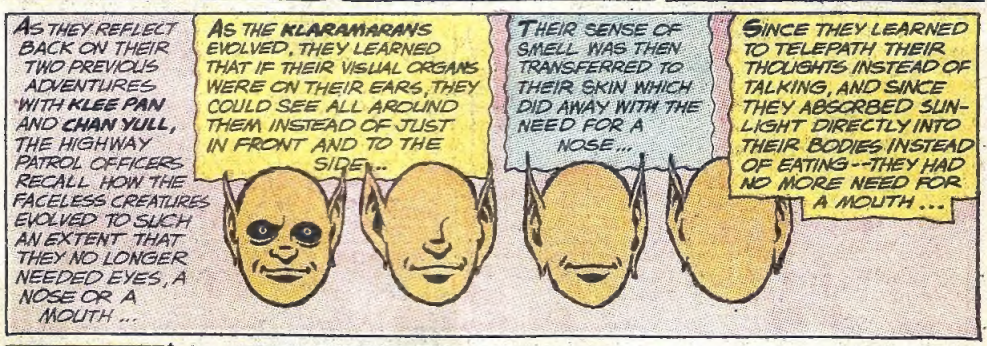


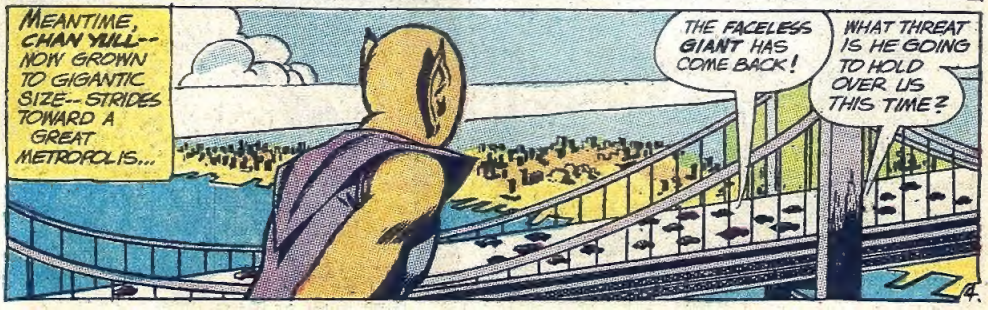
*Editor's Note; See STRANGE ADVENTURES #124: "The FACE-HUNTER FROM SATURN!"

NOW I HAVE RETURNED--TO TAKE OVER YOUR PLANET AND GAIN MY VENGEANCE! FROM THE ASTEROID LABORATORY I WAS ABLE TO SEND A MENTAL COMMAND TO YOU--BUT IN ORDER TO COME HERE PHYSICALLY I HAD TO COMPEL YOU TO BUILD THAT TELEPORTER!


YOU ARE STILL UNDER THAT MENTAL CONTROL--SO I COMMAND THAT NEITHER OF YOU SHALL DO ANYTHING ON EARTH TO STOP ME FROM GAINING CONTROL OF YOUR PLANET! HEAR--AND OBEY!

AS CHAN YULL LEAVES--GROWING ALWAYS LARGER AND LARGER--BOB COLBY AND JIM BOONE STARE IN WONDERMENT...
KLEE PAN GAVE US THE GIFT OF MENTAL TELEPATHY--BUT I DON'T SEE HOW IT CAN HELP US HERE!
NEITHER DO I! HE GAVE US ONE MORE THING, HOWEVER...


AS THEY REFLECT BACK ON THEIR TWO PREVIOUS ADVENTURES WITH KLEE PAN AND CHAN YULL, THE HIGHWAY PATROL OFFICERS RECALL HOW THE FACELESS CREATURES EVOLVED TO SUCH AN EXTENT THAT THEY NO LONGER NEEDED EYES, A NOSE OR A MOUTH...
AS THE KLARAMARANS EVOLVED, THEY LEARNED THAT IF THEIR VISUAL ORGANS WERE ON THEIR EARS, THEY COULD SEE ALL AROUND THEM INSTEAD OF JUST IN FRONT AND TO THE SIDE...
THEIR SENSE OF SMELL WAS THEN TRANSFERRED TO THEIR SKIN WHICH DID AWAY WITH THE NEED FOR A NOSE...
SINCE THEY LEARNED TO TELEPATH THEIR THOUGHTS INSTEAD OF TALKING, AND SINCE THEY ABSORBED SUNLIGHT DIRECTLY INTO THEIR BODIES INSTEAD OF EATING--THEY HAD NO MORE NEED FOR A MOUTH...


MEANTIME, CHAN YULL--NOW GROWN TO GIGANTIC SIZE--STRIDES TOWARD A GREAT METROPOLIS...
THE FACELESS GIANT HAS COME BACK!
WHAT THREAT IS HE GOING TO HOLD OVER US THIS TIME?

THE AUTHORITIES ARE ALERTED, BUT THEY ARE AS HELPLESS AS THEY WERE BEFORE...
WE TRIED EVERY WAY TO DESTROY HIM LAST TIME HE WAS ON EARTH--BUT NONE OF THEM WORKED!
I'M EVEN STRONGER NOW, THANKS TO THE SCIENTIFIC SECRETS I LEARNED IN THE ASTEROID LABORATORY.
I NEED NO LONGER TAP YOUR POWER-SOURCES TO GENERATE WEAPONS! I HAVE LEARNED HOW TO PRODUCE TERRIFIC ENERGIES BY MY OWN BODY! WATCH--AND I WILL DEMONSTRATE!
WITH MY SUPER-SCIENTIFIC POWERS, I AM CREATING A HARMLESS NUCLEAR EXPLOSION! UNLESS YOU SURRENDER YOUR PLANET TO ME, I WILL CHANGE THE NUCLEAR CLOUD INTO A WORLD-WIDE DESTRUCTIVE ONE!
ALARMED UNITED NATIONS REPRESENTATIVES ARE FORCED TO CONTACT THEIR HOME GOVERNMENTS FOR PERMISSION TO SURRENDER...
YOU MUST YIELD EARTH TO ME--OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES!
WE HAVE NO CHOICE! WE MUST DO AS HE DEMANDS!
MY DEMAND IS A SIMPLE ONE! I MERELY WANT TO BE KNOWN AS AN EARTHMAN! WRITE OUT A SCROLL NAMING ME EARTH CITIZEN NUMBER ONE! YOU MAY THEN GO ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS AS USUAL. I HAVE NO DESIRE TO BE A DICTATORIAL RULER OF YOUR PLANET!
WELL, THAT DOESN'T SOUND TOO BAD!

SOMEWHAT REASSURED, THE UNITED NATIONS VOTES CHAN YULL FIRST CITIZEN OF EARTH...

THIS IS THE OFFICIAL SCROLL YOU ASKED FOR!

YOU HAVE DONE WELL.

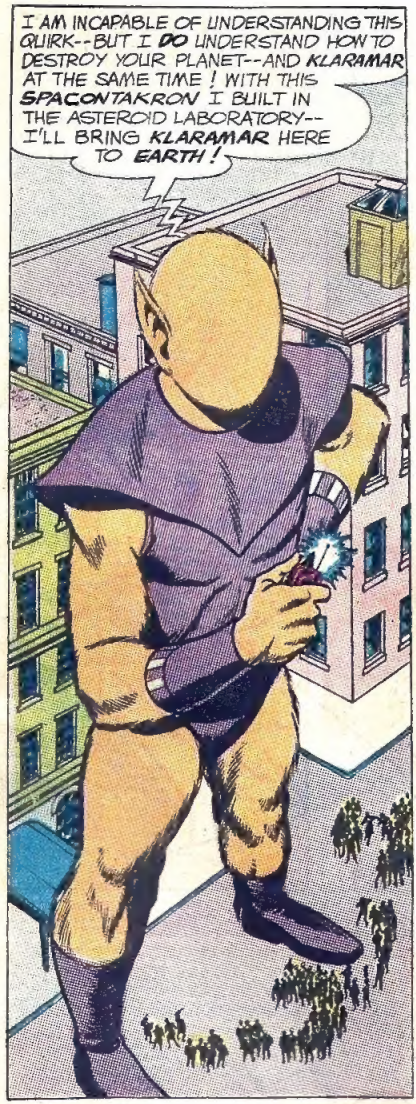
AS HE UNROLLS AND READS THE SCROLL, CHAN YULL'S MENTAL LAUGHTER RINGS OUT...

HA! HA! NOW THAT YOU HAVE SURRENDERED YOUR PLANET TO ME AND MADE ME A CITIZEN OF EARTH--I CAN REVEAL TO YOU WHAT I ACTUALLY HAVE PLANNED FOR YOU!

I REALLY WANTED YOU TO YIELD TO ME--SO I CAN DESTROY YOU ALL!

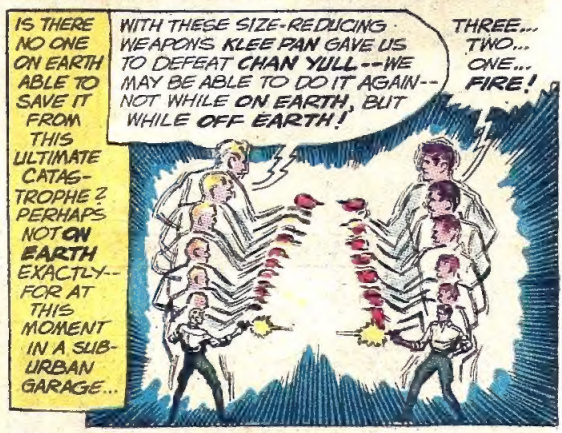
WHAT?!

THERE IS A QUIRK IN THE CHARACTER OF ALL MY PEOPLE WHICH PREVENTS ANY OF US FROM DESTROYING A WORLD WE ARE NOT A PART OF! THUS, BEING A NATIVE-BORN CITIZEN OF **KLARAMAR**, I'M CAPABLE OF DESTROYING IT--BUT NOT **EARTH** UNTIL YOU SIGNED IT OVER TO ME!

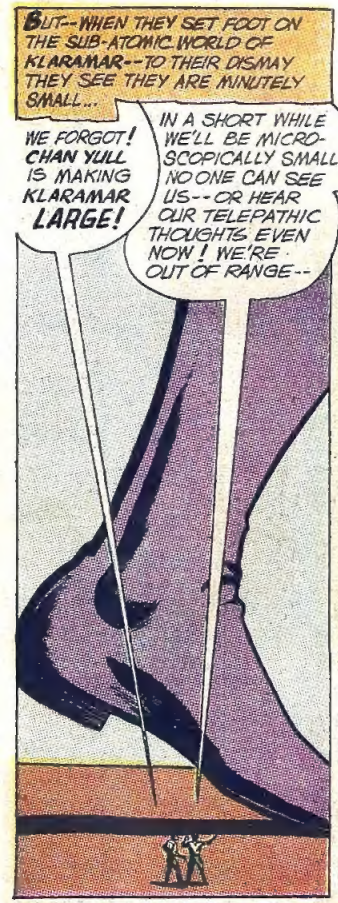

I AM INCAPABLE OF UNDERSTANDING THIS QUIRK--BUT I DO UNDERSTAND HOW TO DESTROY YOUR PLANET--AND KLARAMAR AT THE SAME TIME! WITH THIS SPACONTAKRON I BUILT IN THE ASTEROID LABORATORY--I'LL BRING KLARAMAR HERE TO EARTH!

THEN SIMULTANEOUSLY, I'LL CAUSE KLARAMAR TO EXPAND--AND EARTH TO SHRINK! WHEN BOTH ARE THE SAME SIZE THEY WILL REACH A CRITICAL POINT AND EXPLODE IN A COSMIC CATACLYSM! OF COURSE, JUST BEFORE THIS HAPPENS I'LL STEP INTO THE TELEPORTER AND RETURN SAFELY TO MY SUB-ATOMIC WORLD!

EVEN AS THE ALIEN GIANT TELEPATHS HIS THOUGHTS, THE ENTIRE EARTH BEGINS TO SHRINK--ALL BUT CHAN YULL...
CAN'T ANYONE SAVE US?
HOW ON EARTH CAN THEY? THE FACELESS CREATURE IS INVULNERABLE!

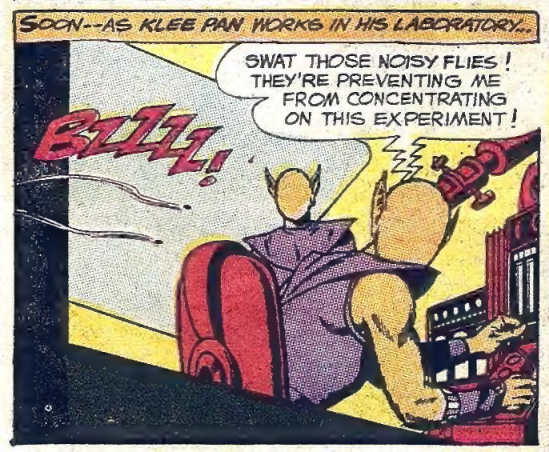

IS THERE NO ONE ON EARTH ABLE TO SAVE IT FROM THIS ULTIMATE CATASTROPHE? PERHAPS NOT ON EARTH EXACTLY--FOR AT THIS MOMENT IN A SUBURBAN GARAGE...
WITH THESE SIZE-REDUCING WEAPONS KLEE PAN GAVE US TO DEFEAT CHAN YULL--WE MAY BE ABLE TO DO IT AGAIN--NOT WHILE ON EARTH, BUT WHILE OFF EARTH!
THREE... TWO... ONE... FIRE!

INSTANTLY BOTH HIGHWAY PATROL TROOPERS SHRINK TO SUB-ATOMIC SIZE--AND ARE HURLED ACROSS MILLIONS OF MILES OF INTERPLANETARY SPACE TOWARD SATURN...

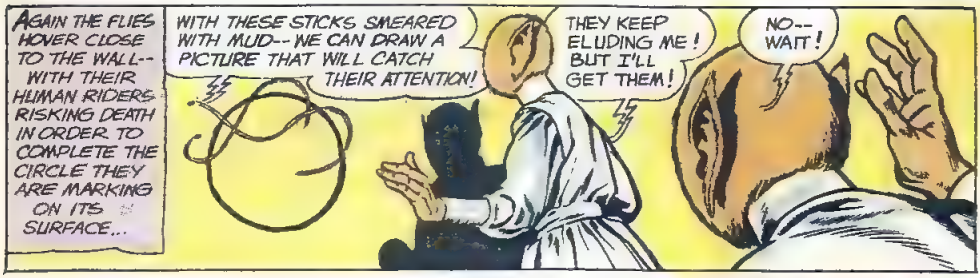

BUT--WHEN THEY SET FOOT ON THE SUB-ATOMIC WORLD OF KLARAMAR--TO THEIR DISMAY THEY SEE THEY ARE MINUTELY SMALL...
WE FORGOT! CHAN YULL IS MAKING KLARAMAR LARGE!
IN A SHORT WHILE WE'LL BE MICROSCOPICALLY SMALL! NO ONE CAN SEE US--OR HEAR OUR TELEPATHIC THOUGHTS EVEN NOW! WE'RE OUT OF RANGE--

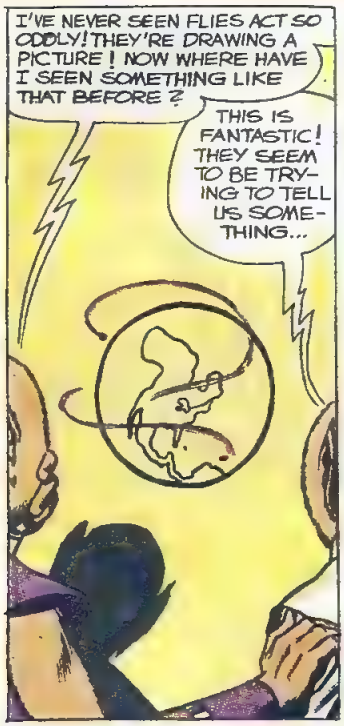
WE'RE NOT LICKED YET! LOOK--A KLARAMARAN FLY! OUR STRONGER MINDS, TOGETHER WITH OUR TELEPATHIC POWERS, MIGHT GIVE US SOME SORT OF CONTROL OVER IT!
I GET YOUR MEANING! BY "RIDING" FLIES WHICH THE KLARAMARANS CAN SEE--WE MAY ATTRACT THEIR ATTENTION!

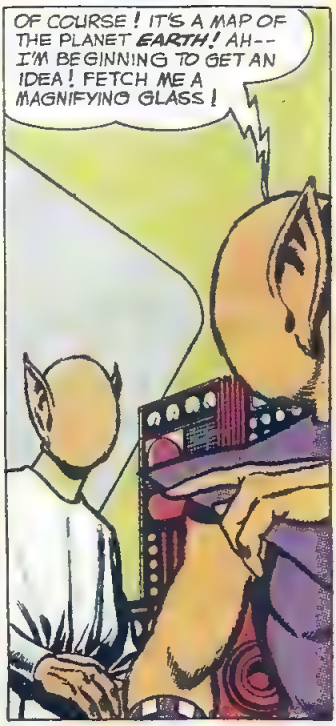
WITHIN MOMENTS, THE TWO TROOPERS ARE ASTRIDE THE FLIES AND DIRECTING THEM THROUGH THE AIR...
LUCKILY WE WERE ON KLARAMAR BEFORE--SO WE KNOW WHERE KLEE PAN HAS HIS LABORATORY!


SOON--AS KLEE PAN WORKS IN HIS LABORATORY...
SWAT THOSE NOISY FLIES! THEY'RE PREVENTING ME FROM CONCENTRATING ON THIS EXPERIMENT!
BZZZZ!

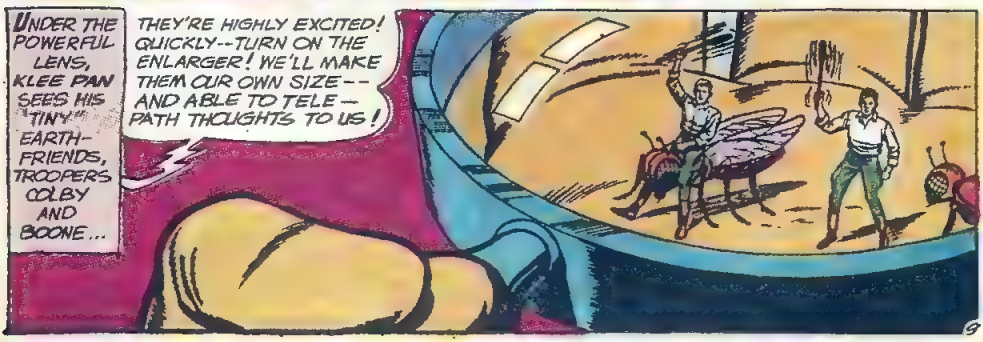
CLOSE TO A BLANK WALL, THE FLIES PAUSE AS...
WE MUST ATTRACT THEIR ATTENTION TO US AS INTELLIGENT BEINGS--BEFORE THEY HARM US!
I MISSED--BUT I'LL GET THEM YET!


AGAIN THE FLIES HOVER CLOSE TO THE WALL-- WITH THEIR HUMAN RIDERS RISKING DEATH IN ORDER TO COMPLETE THE CIRCLE THEY ARE MARKING ON ITS SURFACE...
WITH THESE STICKS SMEARED WITH MUD-- WE CAN DRAW A PICTURE THAT WILL CATCH THEIR ATTENTION!
THEY KEEP ELUDING ME! BUT I'LL GET THEM!
NO-- WAIT!


I'VE NEVER SEEN FLIES ACT SO ODDLY! THEY'RE DRAWING A PICTURE! NOW WHERE HAVE I SEEN SOMETHING LIKE THAT BEFORE?
THIS IS FANTASTIC! THEY SEEM TO BE TRYING TO TELL US SOMETHING...


OF COURSE! IT'S A MAP OF THE PLANET EARTH! AH-- I'M BEGINNING TO GET AN IDEA! FETCH ME A MAGNIFYING GLASS!

THE FLIES LAND ON KLEE PAN'S HAND...


UNDER THE POWERFUL LENS, KLEE PAN SEES HIS "TINY" EARTH-FRIENDS, TROOPERS COLBY AND BOONE...
THEY'RE HIGHLY EXCITED! QUICKLY--TURN ON THE ENLARGER! WE'LL MAKE THEM OUR OWN SIZE-- AND ABLE TO TELE-PATH THOUGHTS TO US!

THEIR STORY IS SOON TOLD...

I'LL RESTORE **KLARAMAR** TO ITS NORMAL SIZE IMMEDIATELY--THEN I'LL FOCUS A BEAM ON **CHAN YULL** TO BRING HIM HERE, BEFORE HE CAN STEP INTO HIS **TELEPORTER** AND GO BACK TO HIS ASTEROID WORLD!

WITHIN MOMENTS, EARTH BEGINS TO GROW LARGER--AND **CHAN YULL** SMALLER...

WE'RE GROWING BACK TO NORMAL SIZE AGAIN!

WHAT HAPPENED? WHO SAVED US? AND HOW?

WHEN HE IS OF SUB-ATOMIC SIZE, **CHAN YULL** IS DRAWN BACK TO **KLARAMAR**...

WE OF **KLARAMAR** HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING OUR WORLD WAS EXPANDING! **CHAN YULL** MUST HAVE MADE OUR SUN LARGER AT THE SAME TIME TO PREVENT DISCOVERY, JUST AS HE WARPED TIME--SINCE **KLARAMAR'S** DAY IS EQUAL TO A MILLION EARTH YEARS!

AFTER **CHAN YULL** HAS BEEN LED OFF TO PRISON...

NOW I'LL RETURN YOU TO YOUR NORMAL EARTH--FOR I IMAGINE EVERYONE WILL WANT TO LEARN HOW YOU SAVED THEM--AND US--FROM AN AWFUL FATE!

The End

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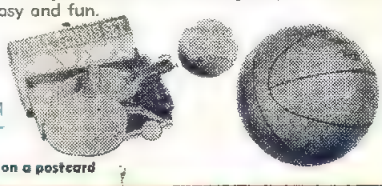

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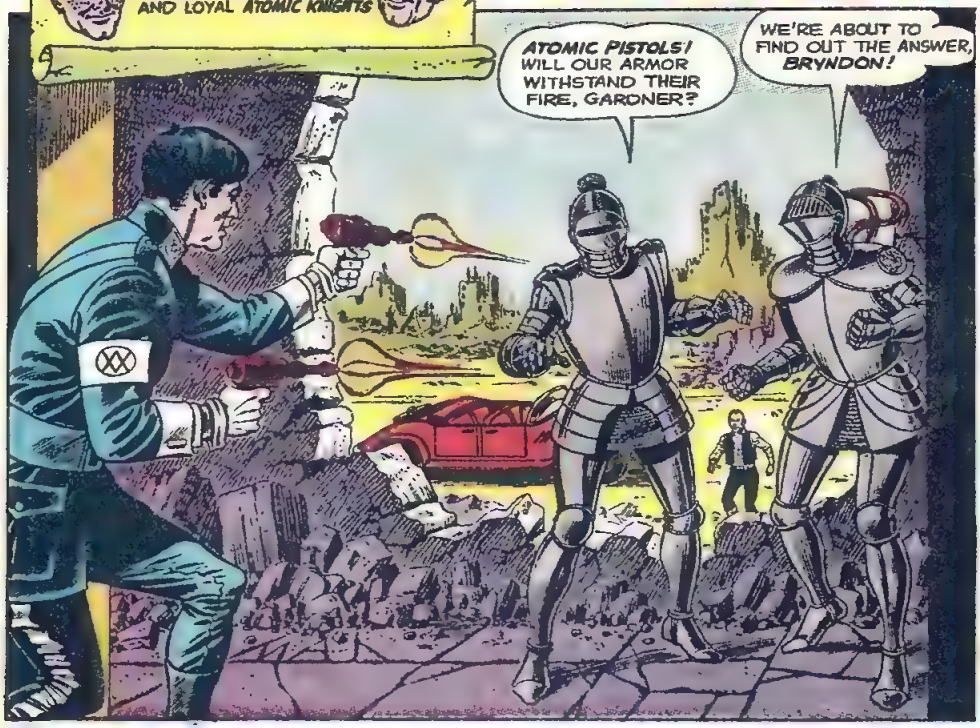
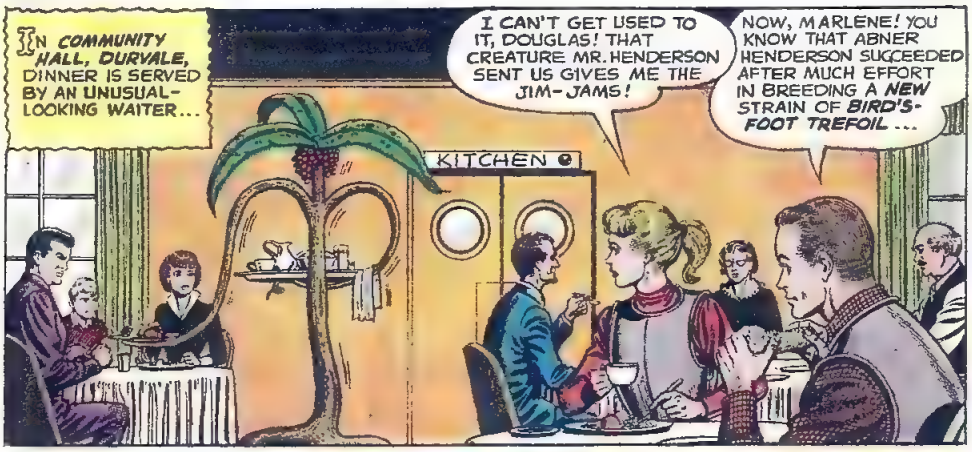
WAYNE AND HOLLIS HOBARD: BROTHERS, EX-SOLDIERS, AND LOYAL *ATOMIC KNIGHTS*

"ORGANIZER" KADLEY--AS HE STYLED HIMSELF--JUST ABOUT HAD THE ENTIRE *DETROIT* AREA UNDER HIS *PERSONAL CONTROL*--WHEN SOMETHING HAPPENED TO THREATEN HIS REGIME!

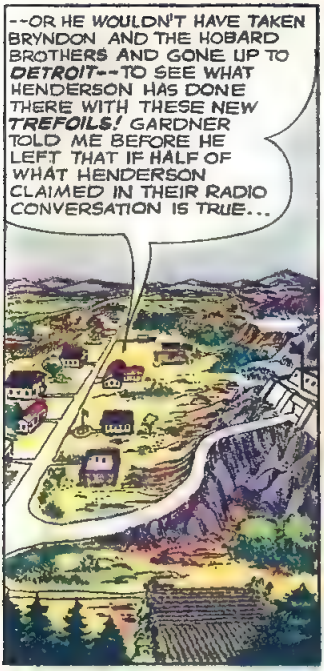
THAT SOMETHING WAS THE ARRIVAL IN THE CITY OF THE *ATOMIC KNIGHTS* ON A VISIT TO THEIR FRIEND, INVENTOR HENDERSON, WHO HAD HIS OWN SPECIAL REASON FOR INVITING THEM--A REASON THAT, AS IT HAPPENED, HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE--

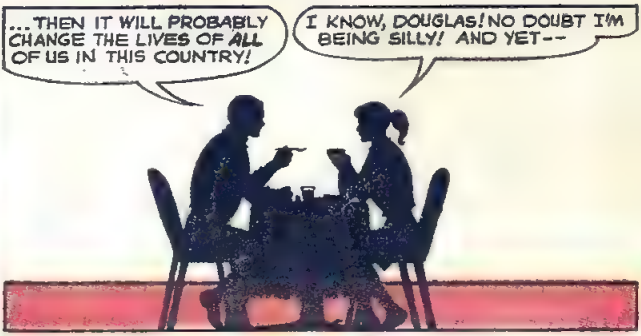
DANGER in DETROIT

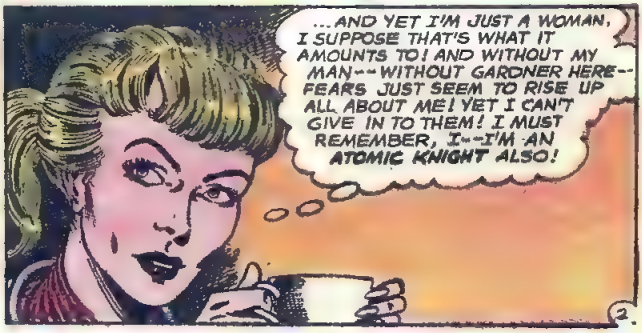


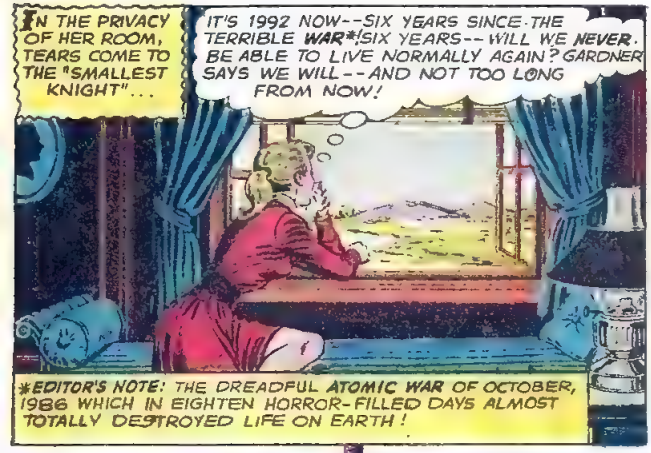

IN COMMUNITY HALL, DURVALE, DINNER IS SERVED BY AN UNUSUAL-LOOKING WAITER...
KITCHEN
I CAN'T GET USED TO IT, DOUGLAS! THAT CREATURE MR. HENDERSON SENT US GIVES ME THE JIM-JAMS!
NOW, MARLENE! YOU KNOW THAT ABNER HENDERSON SUCCEEDED AFTER MUCH EFFORT IN BREEDING A NEW STRAIN OF BIRD'S-FOOT TREFOIL...

...ONE WITHOUT A TRACE OF THE VICIOUS HATRED OF HUMANITY* THAT THE OLD CROP SEEMED TO GROW WITH! THIS STRAIN IS DIFFERENT ALTOGETHER! AND WHAT'S MORE IT'S IMPORTANT! AT LEAST GARDNER SEEMS TO THINK SO--
*EDITOR'S NOTE: SEE THE PREVIOUS ATOMIC KNIGHTS STORY, "THE PLANT THAT HATED HUMANS!" IN THE MARCH, 1963 STRANGE ADVENTURES.

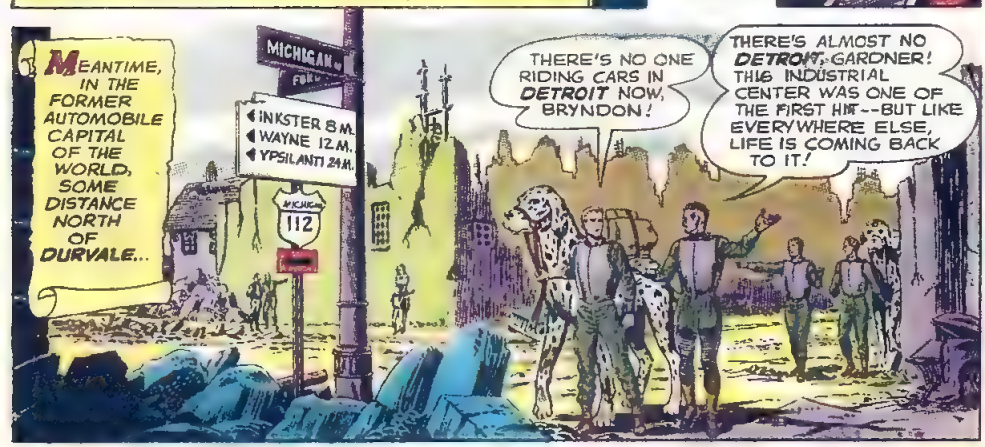

--OR HE WOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN BRYNDON AND THE HOBARD BROTHERS AND GONE UP TO DETROIT--TO SEE WHAT HENDERSON HAS DONE THERE WITH THESE NEW TREFOILS! GARDNER TOLD ME BEFORE HE LEFT THAT IF HALF OF WHAT HENDERSON CLAIMED IN THEIR RADIO CONVERSATION IS TRUE...

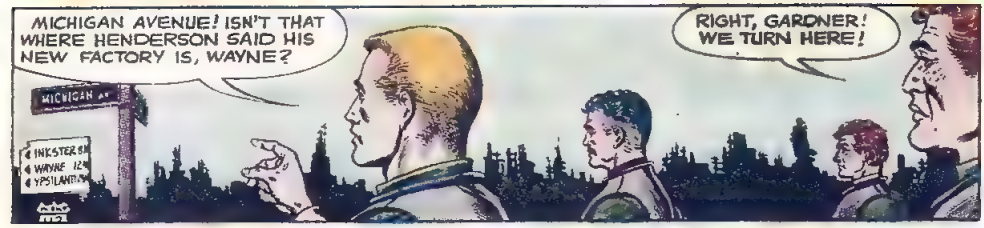

...THEN IT WILL PROBABLY CHANGE THE LIVES OF ALL OF US IN THIS COUNTRY!
I KNOW, DOUGLAS! NO DOUBT I'M BEING SILLY! AND YET--


...AND YET I'M JUST A WOMAN, I SUPPOSE THAT'S WHAT IT AMOUNTS TO! AND WITHOUT MY MAN--WITHOUT GARDNER HERE--FEARS JUST SEEM TO RISE UP ALL ABOUT ME! YET I CAN'T GIVE IN TO THEM! I MUST REMEMBER, I--I'M AN ATOMIC KNIGHT ALSO!


IN THE PRIVACY OF HER ROOM, TEARS COME TO THE "SMALLEST KNIGHT"...
IT'S 1992 NOW--SIX YEARS SINCE THE TERRIBLE WAR*! SIX YEARS--WILL WE NEVER BE ABLE TO LIVE NORMALLY AGAIN? GARDNER SAYS WE WILL--AND NOT TOO LONG FROM NOW!
*EDITOR'S NOTE: THE DREADFUL ATOMIC WAR OF OCTOBER, 1986 WHICH IN EIGHTEN HORROR-FILLED DAYS ALMOST TOTALLY DESTROYED LIFE ON EARTH!

AND GARDNER PROMISED HE WOULD NOT BE GONE LONG ON THIS MISSION! HE SAID THAT HE WOULD COME BACK TO ME SOON! I CAN ONLY HOPE THAT HE WILL--SAFELY! I CAN ONLY HOPE...!


MEANTIME, IN THE FORMER AUTOMOBILE CAPITAL OF THE WORLD, SOME DISTANCE NORTH OF DURVALE...
MICHIGAN AV
INKSTER 8 M.
WAYNE 12 M.
YPSILANTI 24 M.
112
THERE'S NO ONE RIDING CARS IN DETROIT NOW, BRYNDON!
THERE'S ALMOST NO DETROIT, GARDNER! THIS INDUSTRIAL CENTER WAS ONE OF THE FIRST HIT--BUT LIKE EVERYWHERE ELSE, LIFE IS COMING BACK TO IT!


MICHIGAN AVENUE! ISN'T THAT WHERE HENDERSON SAID HIS NEW FACTORY IS, WAYNE?
RIGHT, GARDNER! WE TURN HERE!
MICHIGAN AV
INKSTER 8M
WAYNE 12M
YPSILANTI 24M
112

THIS MUST BE IT!
LOOKS LIKE QUITE A SET-UP! LET'S GO IN--
HENDERSON CO.

GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, HENDERSON!

I'M SURE GLAD YOU KNIGHTS COULD GET HERE! LISTEN! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME! MY TREFOILS ARE ABOUT TO FINISH MODEL NUMBER ONE--!

"MODEL NUMBER ONE" OF WHAT?!

AS, WITH A SMILE OF PRIDE, THE INVENTOR TURNS...

YOU'LL SEE, BRYNDON!

IT'S A SURPRISE IN HERE! HENDERSON'S GOT A REAL FACTORY GOING--WITH DOZENS OF THOSE AMAZING PLANTS OF HIS WORKING LIKE--ER--"BEAVERS"!

SOON, OUT OF THE FACTORY ROLLS A VEHICLE WITH HENDERSON AT THE WHEEL...

GOOD GOSH--IT'S AN AUTOMOBILE!!

Wheee! AND IT RUNS!

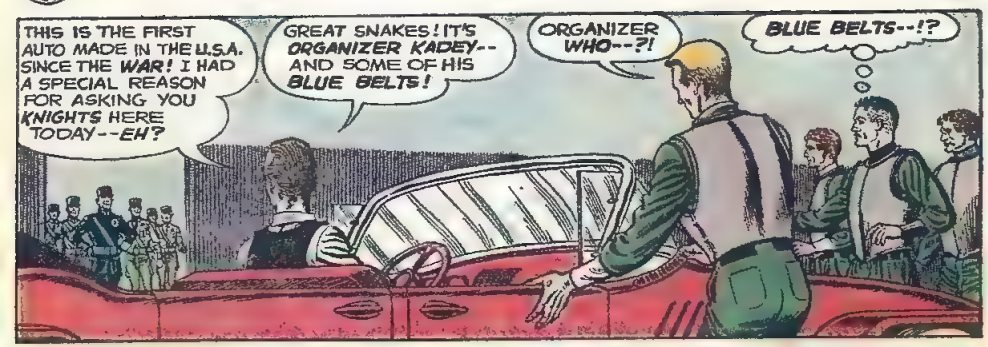
YOU BET IT RUNS! MY PLANT WORKERS DID A GOOD JOB! AND WHAT'S MORE THEY EVEN SUPPLIED THE FUEL...*

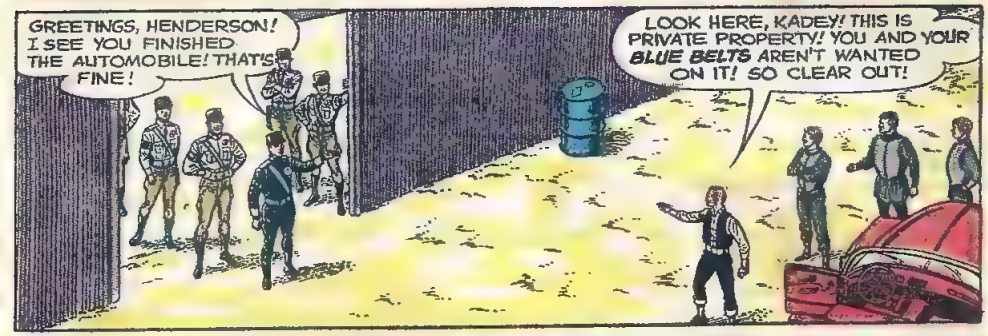
*EDITOR'S NOTE: IN THE TERRIBLE NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST, EXISTING STOCKS OF ALL MOTOR FUELS WERE DESTROYED!

THE PLANTS SUPPLIED THE FUEL!? I DON'T GET YOU--

YOU REMEMBER THE EXPLOSIVE BERRIES ON THE TREFOILS, GARDNER? WELL, I FIGURED THAT'S WHAT MAKES A GAS ENGINE RUN--LITTLE EXPLOSIONS, YOU KNOW!

SO I SIMPLY EXTRACTED THE EXPLOSIVE ESSENCE FROM THE BERRIES--AND SURE ENOUGH IT RUNS THIS MOTOR FINE! YES, SIR! WITH AUTOS LIKE THIS ONE WE'LL REBUILD DETROIT--AND THE COUNTRY!

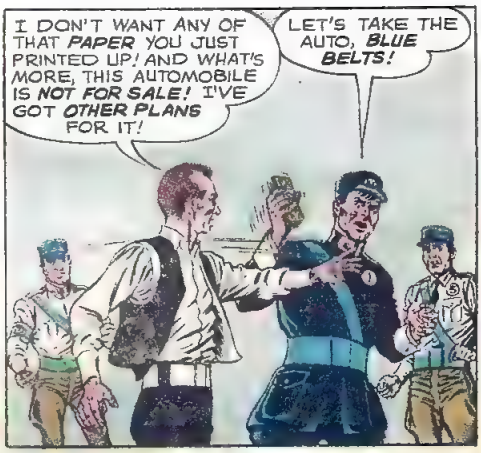

THIS IS THE FIRST AUTO MADE IN THE U.S.A. SINCE THE WAR! I HAD A SPECIAL REASON FOR ASKING YOU KNIGHTS HERE TODAY--EH?
GREAT SNAKES! IT'S ORGANIZER KADEY-- AND SOME OF HIS BLUE BELTS!
ORGANIZER WHO--?!
BLUE BELTS--!?

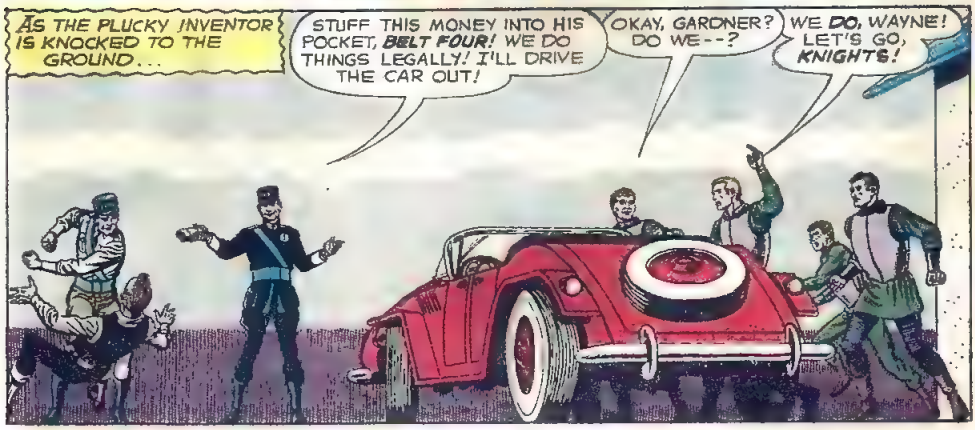

GREETINGS, HENDERSON! I SEE YOU FINISHED THE AUTOMOBILE! THAT'S FINE!
LOOK HERE, KADEY! THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY! YOU AND YOUR BLUE BELTS AREN'T WANTED ON IT! SO CLEAR OUT!

NOW, HENDERSON, IS THAT A WAY TO TALK? YOU KNOW THAT THE SOCIETY I'M ORGANIZING RESPECTS PRIVATE PROPERTY! YOU SHOULDN'T BE SO ANTAGONISTIC TO ME-- YOU'D GET ALONG BETTER!
BUT I'LL SHOW YOU THERE'S NO HARD FEELINGS! FOR EXAMPLE, THAT AUTOMOBILE OF YOURS--I NEED IT IN MY ORGANIZATIONAL WORK, DON'T YOU SEE?

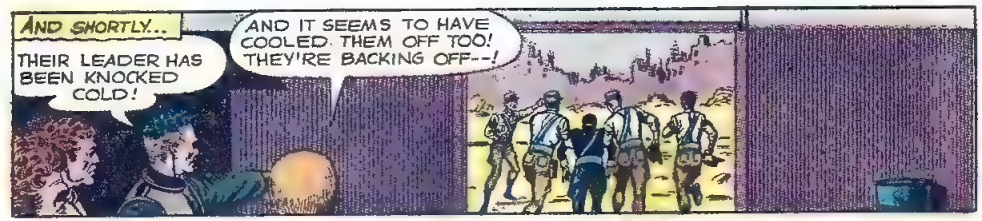
OF COURSE, WE COULD JUST TAKE THE AUTO! BUT WE RESPECT PRIVATE PROPERTY! SO WE'RE GOING TO BUY IT! BELT SIX, YOU HAVE THE MONEY CASE?
RIGHT HERE, MR. ORGANIZER!
I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS...

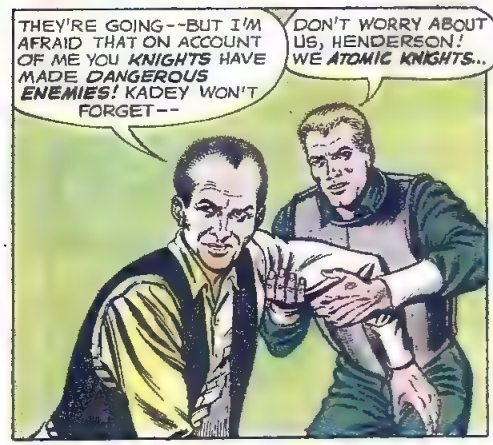
10,000 K-DOLLARS IN CRISP NEW BILLS! THAT'S A FAIR ENOUGH PRICE, ISN'T IT, HENDERSON?
NO-- ABSOLUTELY NOT!

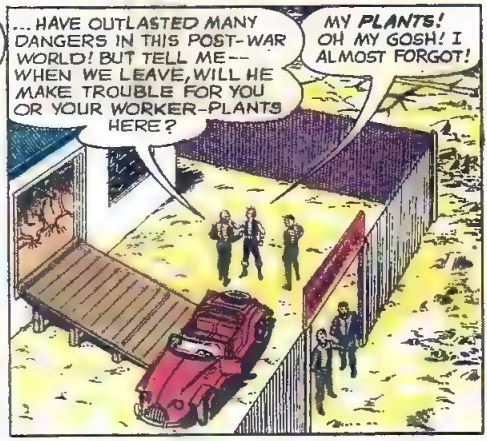

I DON'T WANT ANY OF THAT PAPER YOU JUST PRINTED UP! AND WHAT'S MORE, THIS AUTOMOBILE IS NOT FOR SALE! I'VE GOT OTHER PLANS FOR IT!
LET'S TAKE THE AUTO, BLUE BELTS!

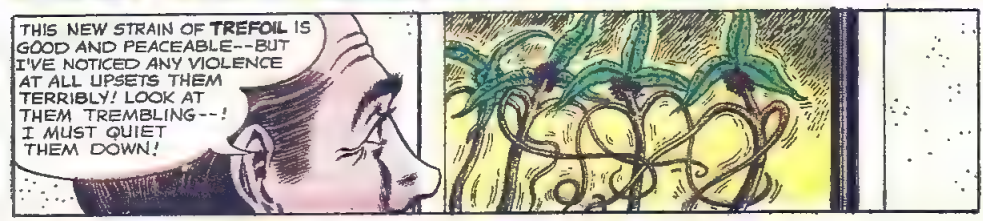

AS THE PLUCKY INVENTOR IS KNOCKED TO THE GROUND...
STUFF THIS MONEY INTO HIS POCKET, BELT FOUR! WE DO THINGS LEGALLY! I'LL DRIVE THE CAR OUT!
OKAY, GARDNER? DO WE--?
WE DO, WAYNE! LET'S GO, KNIGHTS!

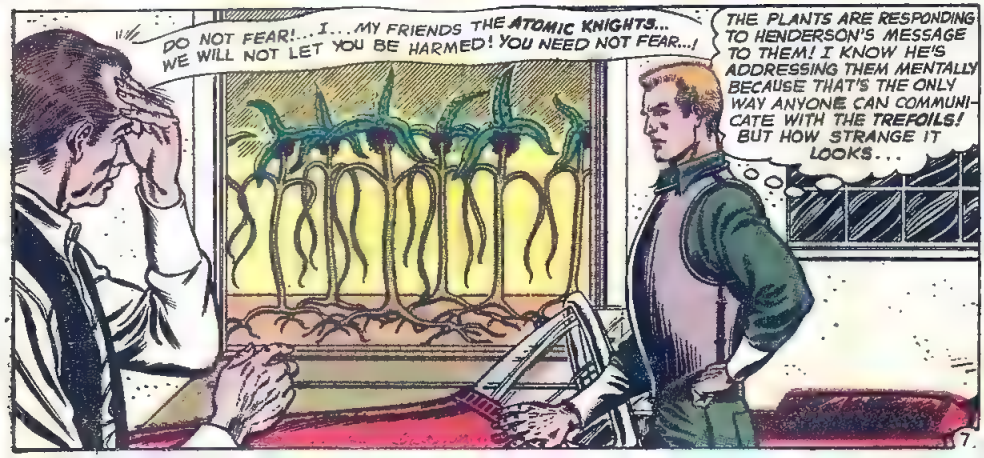
LIKE A FOOTBALL BACKFIELD IN THE OLD DAYS, FOUR CHARGING SHAPES EXPLODE UNEXPECTEDLY AGAINST THE FOES OF THE OLD INVENTOR...
SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT EITHER THIS BLUE BELT OUTFIT--OR THE ATOMIC KNIGHTS CAN EXIST IN THIS COUNTRY! ONE OR THE OTHER--NOT BOTH!
STURDY CHAP! BUT A LITTLE SLOW IN THE REFLEXES! HE MIGHT HAVE DODGED--!

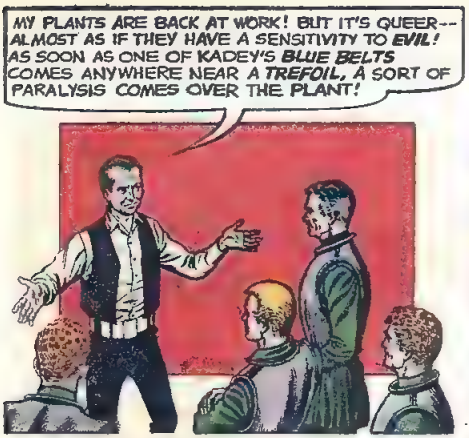

AND SHORTLY...
THEIR LEADER HAS BEEN KNOCKED COLD!
AND IT SEEMS TO HAVE COOLED THEM OFF TOO! THEY'RE BACKING OFF--!

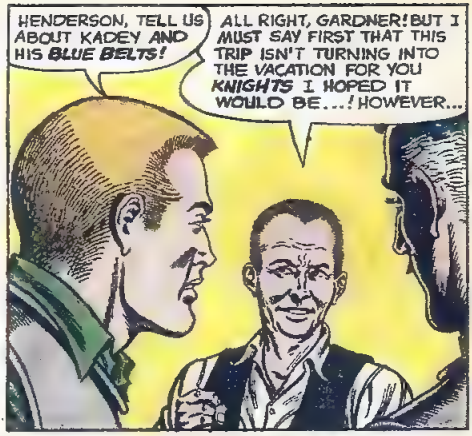

THEY'RE GOING--BUT I'M AFRAID THAT ON ACCOUNT OF ME YOU KNIGHTS HAVE MADE DANGEROUS ENEMIES! KADEY WON'T FORGET--
DON'T WORRY ABOUT US, HENDERSON! WE ATOMIC KNIGHTS...

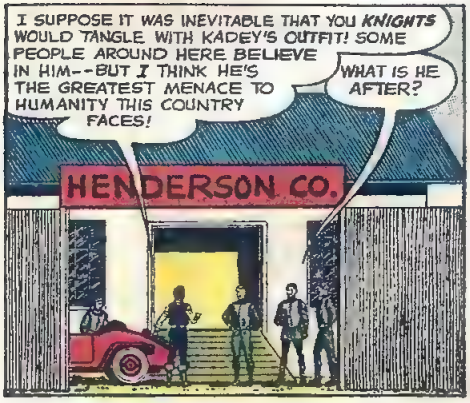

...HAVE OUTLASTED MANY DANGERS IN THIS POST-WAR WORLD! BUT TELL ME-- WHEN WE LEAVE, WILL HE MAKE TROUBLE FOR YOU OR YOUR WORKER-PLANTS HERE?
MY PLANTS! OH MY GOSH! I ALMOST FORGOT!


THIS NEW STRAIN OF TREFOIL IS GOOD AND PEACEABLE--BUT I'VE NOTICED ANY VIOLENCE AT ALL UPSETS THEM TERRIBLY! LOOK AT THEM TREMBLING--! I MUST QUIET THEM DOWN!


DO NOT FEAR!...I...MY FRIENDS THE ATOMIC KNIGHTS... WE WILL NOT LET YOU BE HARMED! YOU NEED NOT FEAR...!
THE PLANTS ARE RESPONDING TO HENDERSON'S MESSAGE TO THEM! I KNOW HE'S ADDRESSING THEM MENTALLY BECAUSE THAT'S THE ONLY WAY ANYONE CAN COMMUNICATE WITH THE TREFOILS! BUT HOW STRANGE IT LOOKS...







STORY CONTINUES ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING...

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SPOTLIGHT ON STRANGE ADVENTURES

Dear Editor: The February *Strange Adventures* was *magnifique*. The cover was attractive—though slightly spoiled by the word balloon. Nevertheless, it was very striking and attracted my eye as I thumbed through the latest batch of comics on the newsstand.

Sid Greene did an excellent art job on "Raid of the Rogue Star." In my opinion, his best work in a long while. While being my favorite artist, he is continually adding to my "aesthetic" tastes. After reading the solution to the story, I felt like crawling through a half dollar-sized hole in the floor.

"The Would-Be King of Earth" was very intriguing. Harry Walters' "avaricious" character was so typical of all criminals. As for bringing back *Darwin Jones* on a regular basis—please do!

Star Hawkins' "Case of the Rebellious Space-Crew" was good as usual, though I have seen better in the past. All in all, the entire issue was exceptional—er—as usual.

Steve Tamerius, 416 4th St., Fairbury, Nebr.

(From time to time, certain readers—the *older* ones, we suspect—have objected to the word balloons we put on our covers, complaining that they are not really necessary; they're never used on other science-fiction magazine (non-comics) covers. Well, our sales figures invariably show better results for balloon-covers than balloonless ones. For an excellent analysis of the differences between science-fiction comics and magazines, we offer for your consideration the next letter.—*Editor*)

* * *

Dear Editor: Before I can criticize your magazine, I feel I must first make a distinction: Inasmuch as I am concerned, there are two broad classes of science-fiction. There is the type I read in *comic books* such as *Strange Adventures*, and there is the type presented in magazines like *Analog* (in both cases I have listed the top magazine of that class). In trying to compare the two, there is practically no reasonable meeting place I can find. Each class is vastly different from the other, yet each has something in common.

In the infancy of magazines like *Analog* one could find much the same type of stories as can be found today in comic books (*SA*). But don't get me wrong; I'm not saying that comic books are inferior to the magazines (*Analog*); there just isn't any basis for comparison today.

Today the magazines have matured from their early adventure-and-wonder type stories to a more quieted-down form. Nowadays the magazines dwell on a more sociological trend, rather than adventure. Today the magazines also realize that, for example, an Earthman and a Plutonian could not remain alive under the same atmospheric conditions, even for a few seconds. To remedy this, the magazine writers would equip the Plutonian and Earthman with spacesuits, visualize them with different communication organs, and present themselves with an almost impossible block between races as far as communication goes.

Today the comic books are the action-and-adventure-type presenters. They are very similar to the space operas that once filled the magazines. Although the magazines still have some adventure stories, the comic books present action stories, you might say—exclusively. They don't care if a Plutonian can't exist alive alongside an Earthman, if neither has protection. If the situation fits into the story, and a better story is presented that way, why not?

What I'm trying to say is this: while the magazines have passed beyond adventure towards better things (which might not be true), the comic books have retained the old tradition of science-fiction in presenting exciting stories. I hope other readers will realize this and not use the two types of stories as bases of comparison on which they might gripe or criticize.

Now for my criticizing. I think *Strange Adventures* is an exciting and excellent comic book.

Timothy P. Burke, 193 Oak St., Holyoke, Mass.

(We'll be happy to print reader reaction—pro and con—in a future SPOTLIGHT.—*Editor*)

* * *

Dear Editor: I found the February *Strange Adventures* excellent. It's hard to say which of the three stories was the best; they were all praiseworthy.

The surprise ending of "Raid of the Rogue Star" was very good, and, more important, perfectly fair with the reader. I guess my powers of detection are not great, as I should have noticed that the color *green* was completely lacking on the other world.

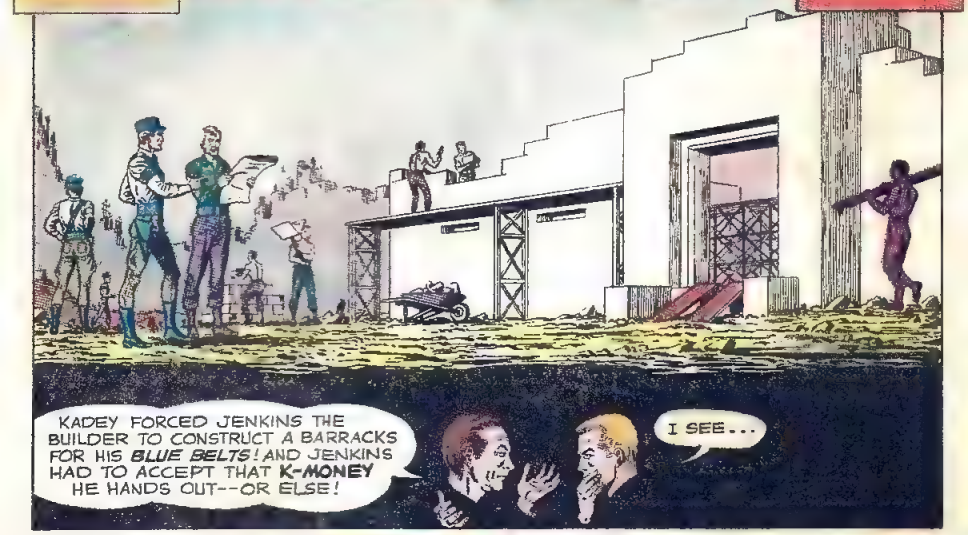
"The Would-Be King of Earth," besides being excellent art and story-wise, was interesting because *Darwin Jones* was revived from long ago. I wouldn't mind at all to see this *Department of Scientific Investigation* agent make a comeback.

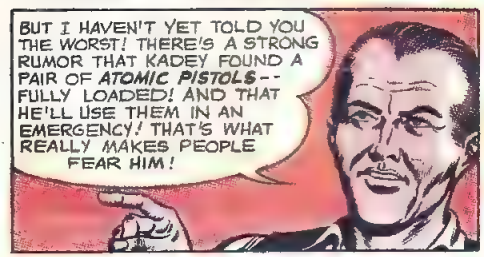
"Case of the Rebellious Space-Crew" surprised me. Usually I dislike the *Star Hawkins* stories, but this one I really enjoyed! It's humorous to think that a spaceship crew could learn the shady trade of space-piracy from a 15 volume book on (of all things) "Great Pirates of History," but what I really liked was the part when Hawkins offered the would-be mutineers a cigarette from the "bomb detonator"!

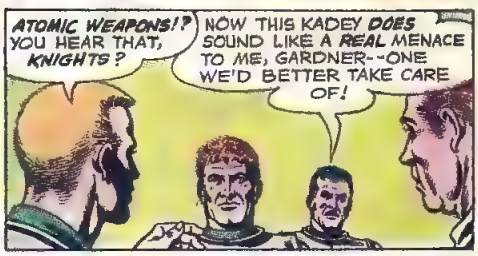
Leopold Beaudet,
College Militaire Royal, St. Jean, P. Quebec

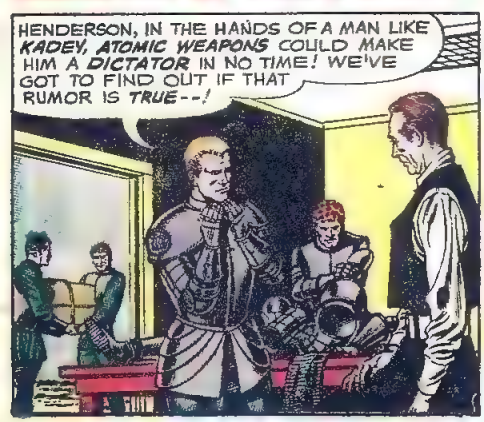
Mail to this department should be sent to SPOTLIGHT ON STRANGE ADVENTURES, National Periodical Publications, 575 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

The Atomic Knights — DANGER in DETROIT — PART 2

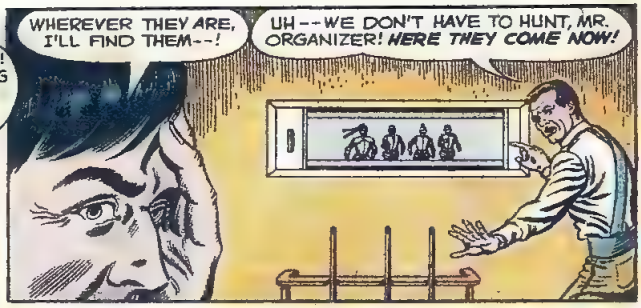


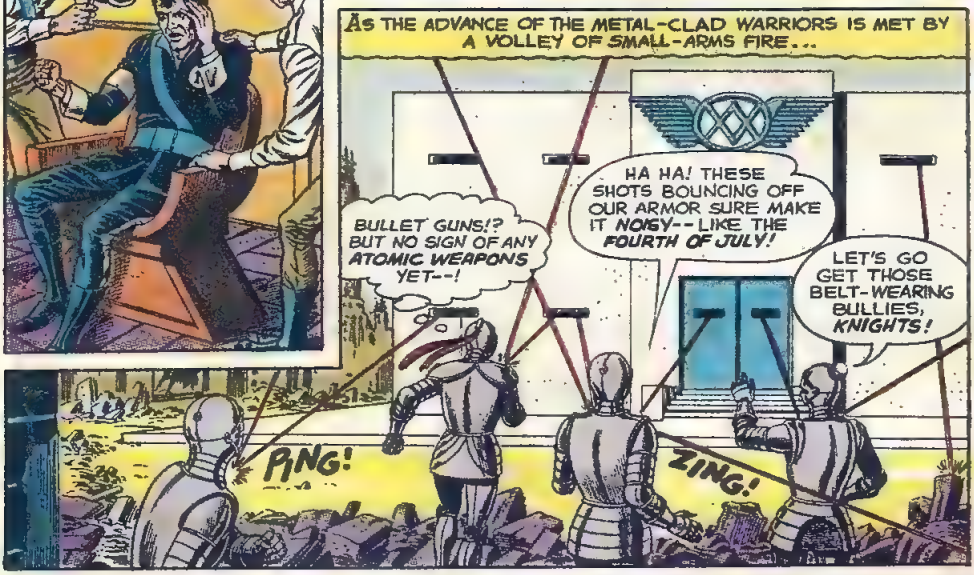


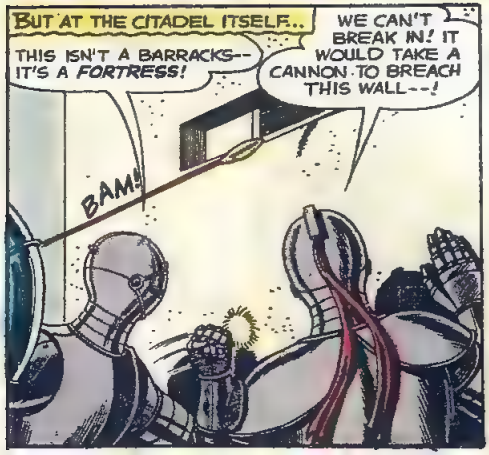


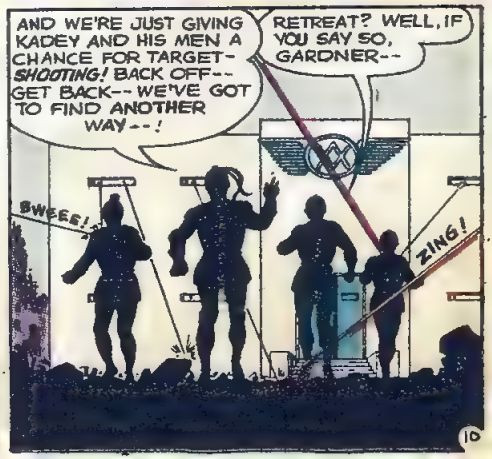


MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE BLUE BELTS' "BARRICADE"...
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MR. ORGANIZER?
OF COURSE! BUT THOSE MEDDLING NEWCOMERS-- THE ATOMIC KNIGHTS-- ARE GOING TO PAY FOR INTERFERING WITH ME! WE'RE GOING TO HUNT THEM DOWN--!

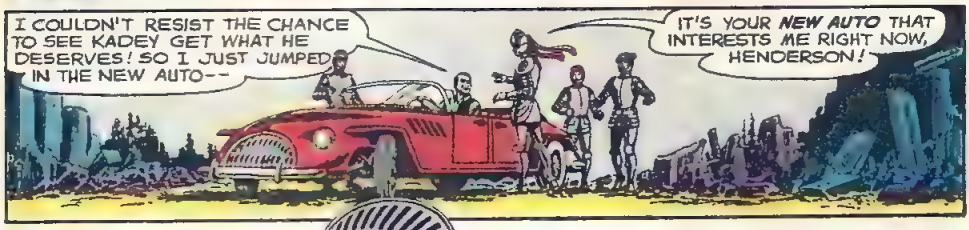

WHEREVER THEY ARE, I'LL FIND THEM--!
UH--WE DON'T HAVE TO HUNT, MR. ORGANIZER! HERE THEY COME NOW!


AS THE ADVANCE OF THE METAL-CLAD WARRIORS IS MET BY A VOLLEY OF SMALL-ARMS FIRE...
BULLET GUNS!? BUT NO SIGN OF ANY ATOMIC WEAPONS YET--!
HA HA! THESE SHOTS BOUNCING OFF OUR ARMOR SURE MAKE IT NOISY--LIKE THE FOURTH OF JULY!
LET'S GO GET THOSE BELT-WEARING BULLIES, KNIGHTS!
PING!
ZING!


BUT AT THE CITADEL ITSELF...
THIS ISN'T A BARRACKS--IT'S A FORTRESS!
WE CAN'T BREAK IN! IT WOULD TAKE A CANNON TO BREACH THIS WALL--!
BAM!

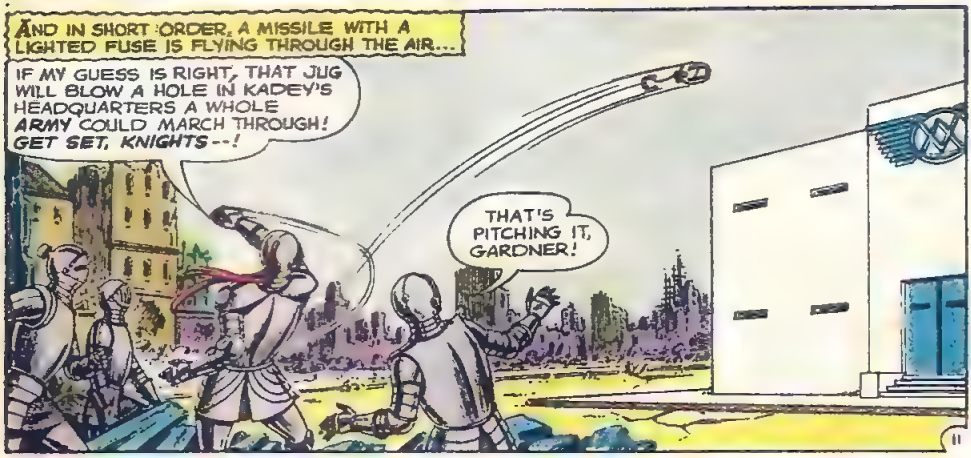

AND WE'RE JUST GIVING KADEY AND HIS MEN A CHANCE FOR TARGET-SHOOTING! BACK OFF--GET BACK--WE'VE GOT TO FIND ANOTHER WAY--!
RETREAT? WELL, IF YOU SAY SO, GARDNER--
SWEEE!
ZING!

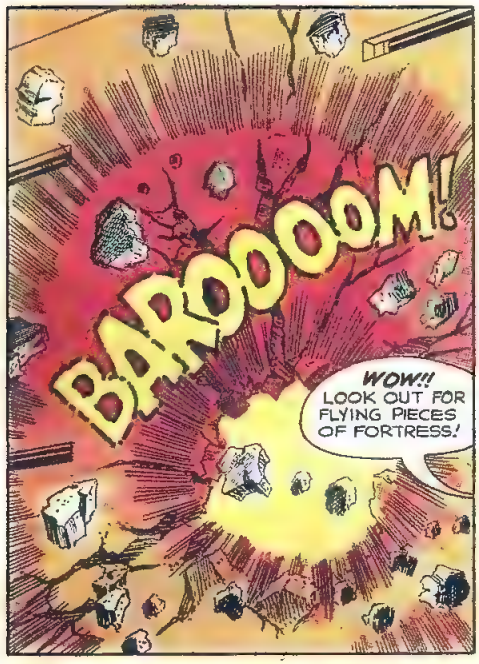
SHORTLY, OUT OF RANGE OF THE ENEMY GUN-FIRE...
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, GARDNER?
I DON'T KNOW, HOLLIS! WAIT A SECOND! LOOK THERE--!


I COULDN'T RESIST THE CHANCE TO SEE KADEY GET WHAT HE DESERVES! SO I JUST JUMPED IN THE NEW AUTO--
IT'S YOUR NEW AUTO THAT INTERESTS ME RIGHT NOW, HENDERSON!

YOU SAID THE CAR RUNS ON THE EXPLOSIVE ESSENCE OF THE TREFOILS' BERRIES, DIDN'T YOU? WELL-- YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO HAVE SOME OF THAT ESSENCE WE COULD USE?
WHY, SURE!

HERE YOU ARE, GARDNER! MY SPARE SUPPLY! BUT WHAT--?
IT'S PERFECT! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS ATTACH A FUSE...

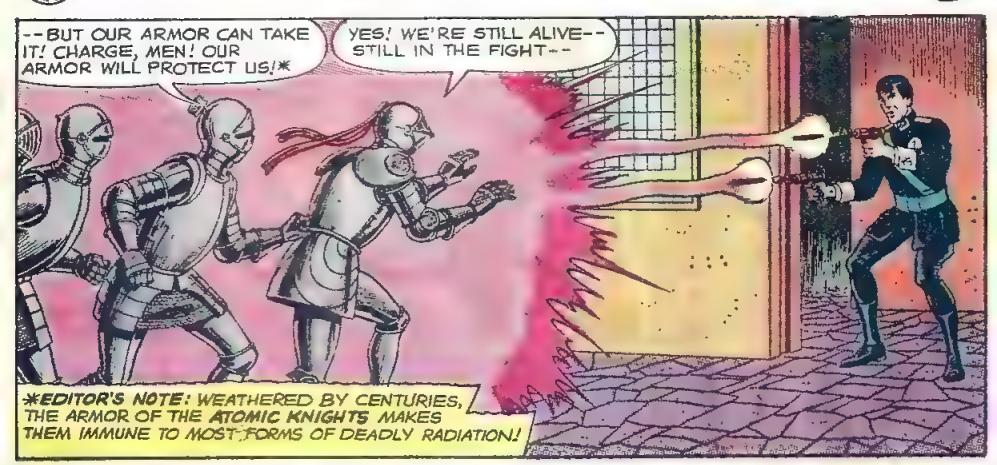

AND IN SHORT ORDER, A MISSILE WITH A LIGHTED FUSE IS FLYING THROUGH THE AIR...
IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT, THAT JUG WILL BLOW A HOLE IN KADEY'S HEADQUARTERS A WHOLE ARMY COULD MARCH THROUGH! GET SET, KNIGHTS--!
THAT'S PITCHING IT, GARDNER!

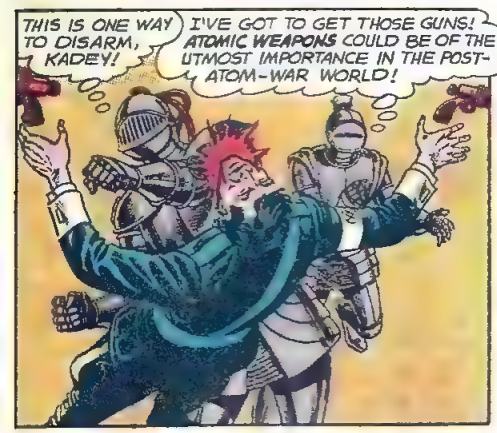

BARODOOM!
WOW!! LOOK OUT FOR FLYING PIECES OF FORTRESS!

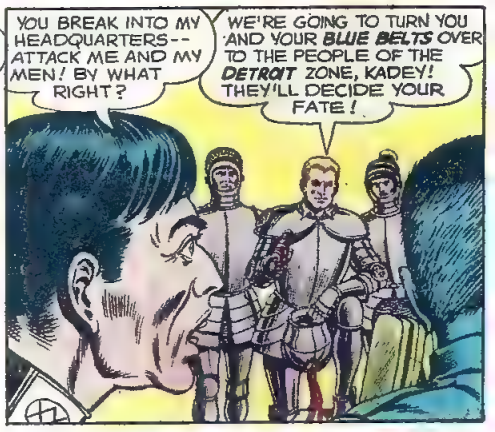
THEN, AN ASSAULT ON THE FORTRESS...
THE EXPLOSION DAZED THEM IN HERE! WE'VE GOT TO FOLLOW UP OUR ADVANTAGE--BEFORE THEY CAN RECOVER!

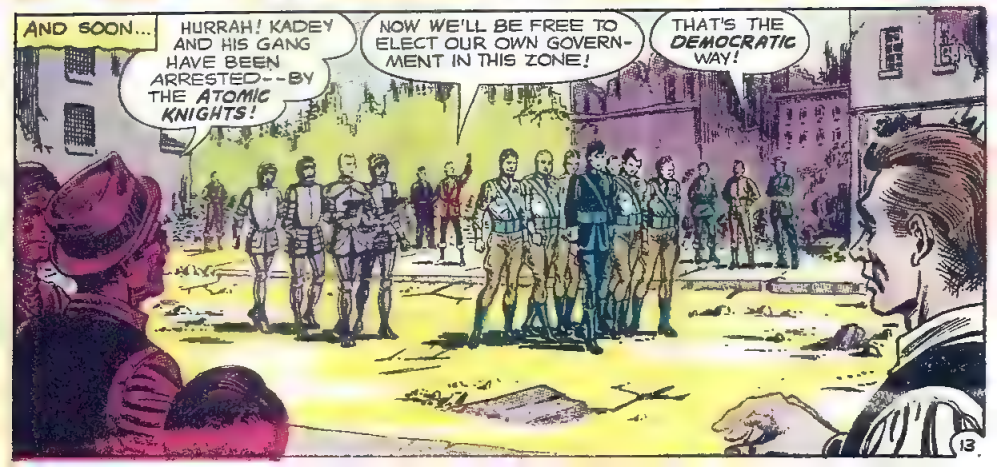
THEN, WHEN VICTORY SEEMS WITHIN THE GRASP OF THE INVADING QUARTET...
KADEY--WITH THE ATOMIC PISTOLS! SO IT WAS NO RUMOR, AFTER ALL!
I'LL SAY GOODBYE, KNIGHTS--BECAUSE THIS IS YOUR FINISH!

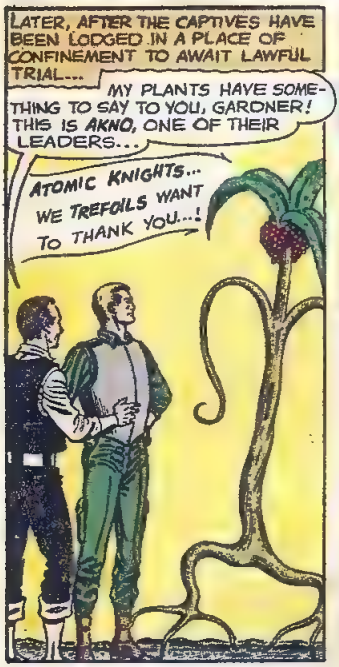
WITH INTOLERABLE FORCE, ENERGY BOLTS STRIKE THE ARMORED FIGHTERS...
UHH--THE TERRIFIC STRENGTH OF THAT BLAST--
--HURLING US BACK...!

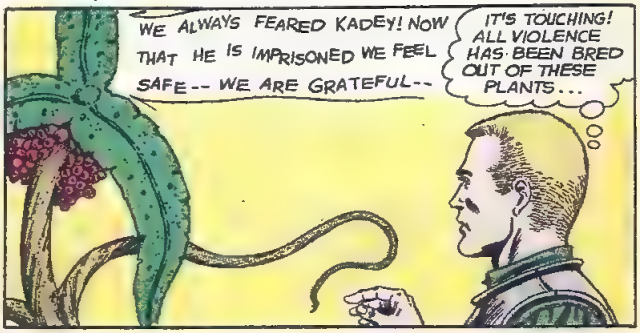

--BUT OUR ARMOR CAN TAKE IT! CHARGE, MEN! OUR ARMOR WILL PROTECT US!*
YES! WE'RE STILL ALIVE--STILL IN THE FIGHT--
*EDITOR'S NOTE: WEATHERED BY CENTURIES, THE ARMOR OF THE ATOMIC KNIGHTS MAKES THEM IMMUNE TO MOST FORMS OF DEADLY RADIATION!

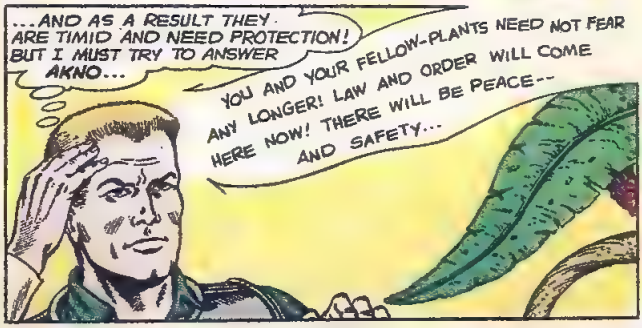

THIS IS ONE WAY TO DISARM, KADEY!
I'VE GOT TO GET THOSE GUNS! ATOMIC WEAPONS COULD BE OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE IN THE POST-ATOM-WAR WORLD!


YOU BREAK INTO MY HEADQUARTERS--ATTACK ME AND MY MEN! BY WHAT RIGHT?
WE'RE GOING TO TURN YOU AND YOUR BLUE BELTS OVER TO THE PEOPLE OF THE DETROIT ZONE, KADEY! THEY'LL DECIDE YOUR FATE!

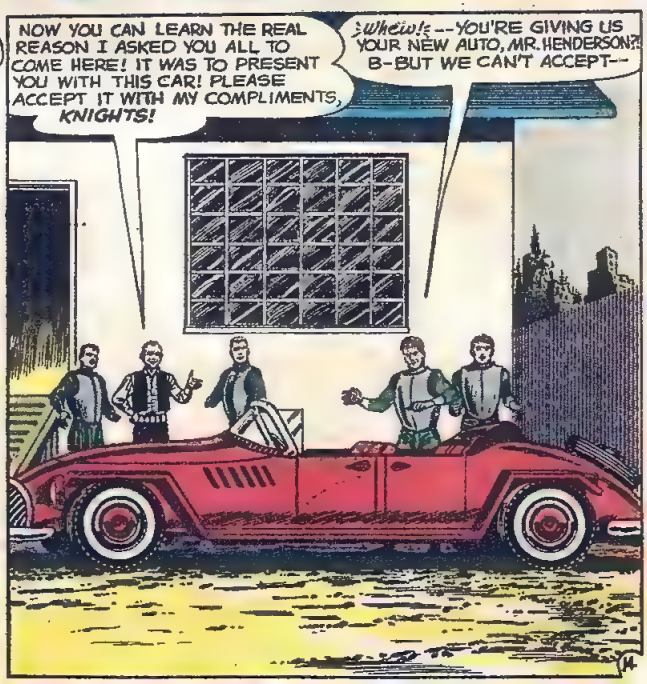

AND SOON...
HURRAH! KADEY AND HIS GANG HAVE BEEN ARRESTED--BY THE ATOMIC KNIGHTS!
NOW WE'LL BE FREE TO ELECT OUR OWN GOVERNMENT IN THIS ZONE!
THAT'S THE DEMOCRATIC WAY!


LATER, AFTER THE CAPTIVES HAVE BEEN LODGED IN A PLACE OF CONFINEMENT TO AWAIT LAWFUL TRIAL---
MY PLANTS HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY TO YOU, GARDNER! THIS IS AKNO, ONE OF THEIR LEADERS...
ATOMIC KNIGHTS... WE TREFOILS WANT TO THANK YOU...!


WE ALWAYS FEARED KADEY! NOW THAT HE IS IMPRISONED WE FEEL SAFE-- WE ARE GRATEFUL--
IT'S TOUCHING! ALL VIOLENCE HAS BEEN BRED OUT OF THESE PLANTS...


...AND AS A RESULT THEY ARE TIMID AND NEED PROTECTION! BUT I MUST TRY TO ANSWER AKNO...
YOU AND YOUR FELLOW-PLANTS NEED NOT FEAR ANY LONGER! LAW AND ORDER WILL COME HERE NOW! THERE WILL BE PEACE-- AND SAFETY...

THANKS FOR GIVING MY PLANTS A PEP TALK, GARDNER! YOU'VE ALREADY DONE THEM A WORLD OF GOOD! BUT BEFORE YOU KNIGHTS LEAVE DETROIT THERE'S ONE MORE LITTLE MATTER...


NOW YOU CAN LEARN THE REAL REASON I ASKED YOU ALL TO COME HERE! IT WAS TO PRESENT YOU WITH THIS CAR! PLEASE ACCEPT IT WITH MY COMPLIMENTS, KNIGHTS!
;Whew!;--YOU'RE GIVING US YOUR NEW AUTO, MR. HENDERSON?! B-BUT WE CAN'T ACCEPT--

PLEASE, I DON'T KNOW ANYONE WHO DESERVES IT MORE THAN YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS, HOLLIS! AND DON'T WORRY--THERE WILL BE MORE CARS--PLENTY MORE! IN TIME WE'LL PUT AMERICA ON WHEELS AGAIN--

--THANKS TO THE TREFOILS--AND MEN LIKE HENDERSON!

THUS, SHORTLY AFTER...

WHERE TO, GARDNER?

DURVALE, HOLLIS! AND STEP ON THE GAS--ER--I MEAN, THE ESSENCE!

GOODBYE, KNIGHTS...

AND IN DUE TIME...

GARDNER AND THE OTHER KNIGHTS--COMING INTO TOWN--DRIVING A NEW AUTOMOBILE!? OH, DOUGLAS, IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!

COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF, MARLENE!

NOW I CAN COURT YOU PROPERLY, MARLENE--IN THE NEW AUTO!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO COURT ME, GARDNER GRAYLE! I'M YOURS! HAVEN'T I TOLD YOU THAT BEFORE--?

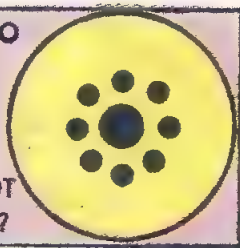
MURPHY ANDERSON

End

THE ATOMIC KNIGHTS WILL APPEAR AGAIN IN A FORTHCOMING ISSUE!

ADVERTISEMENT

IN THE TWO LARGE YELLOW CIRCLES, WHICH CENTER DOT IS LARGER?



Answer: THEY ARE BOTH THE SAME SIZE!

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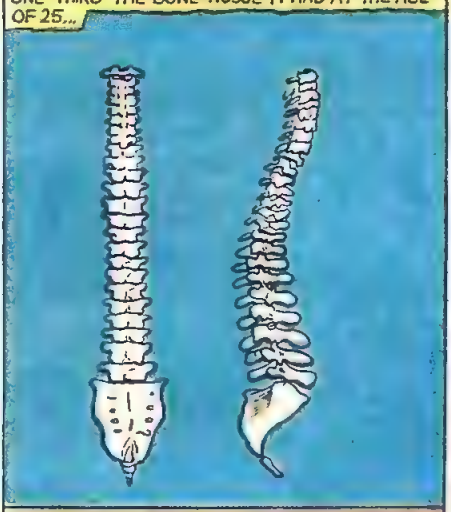
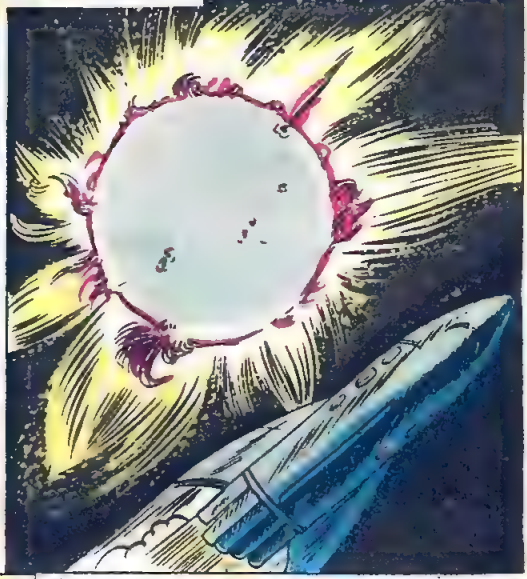
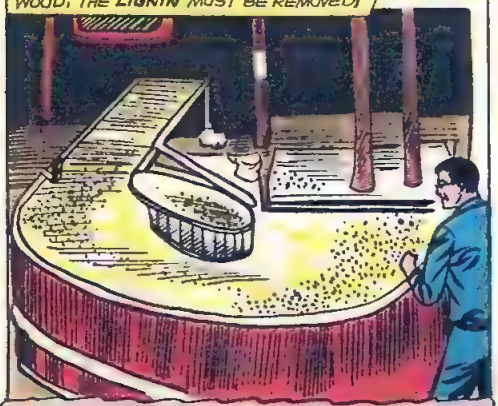


THE BACKBONE AS SEEN FROM BEHIND AND FROM THE SIDE.

THE SIDE OF A SPACESHIP FACING THE SUN WILL HAVE A TEMPERATURE HUNDREDS OF DEGREES HIGHER THAN THE SIDE AWAY FROM THE SUN...



30 TO 40% OF THE WEIGHT OF WOOD IS COMPOSED OF **LIGNIN**--A COMPLEX ORGANIC SUBSTANCE OF UNKNOWN MATERIAL. (TO MANUFACTURE PAPER FROM WOOD, THE **LIGNIN** MUST BE REMOVED)



BEFORE THE WOOD PULP CAN BE MADE INTO PAPER IT MUST BE SEPARATED INTO TINY INDIVIDUAL FIBERS. FOR THAT PURPOSE IT GOES TO BEATERS LIKE THE ONE SHOWN HERE. THE REVOLVING BEATER WHEEL SEPARATES AND BEATS THE FIBERS.

IF THE 2 MILLION SWEAT GLANDS OF THE HUMAN BODY WERE JOINED TOGETHER, THEY'D FORM A TUBE 6 MILES LONG...

DIAGRAM ABOVE SHOWS STRUCTURE OF HUMAN SKIN 1-OUTER LAYER OF DEAD CELLS, 2-HAIR 3-HAIR MUSCLE 4-CAPILLARY BLOOD VESSEL 5-SENSORY CORPUSCLE 6-SEBACEOUS GLAND 7-HAIR FOLLICLE 8-LAYER OF FAT-CONTAINING CELLS 9-SWEAT GLAND 10-SMALL ARTERY 11-NERVE.

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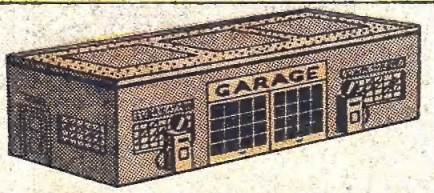

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1919	Franklin	1936	Terraplane	1953	Mercury
1920	Chevrolet	1937	Hupmobile	1954	Chrysler
1921	Case	1938	Ford	1955	Lincoln
1922	Mercer	1939	Packard	1956	Dodge
1923	Stearns	1940	Mercury	1957	DeSoto
1924	Chandler	1941	Plymouth	1958	Ford Thunderbird
1925	Locomobile	1942	Lincoln		
1926	Cleveland	1943	Nash	1959	Rambler
1927	Jordan	1944	Willys Jeep	1960	Valiant
1928	Kissel	1945	DeSoto	1961	Willys
1929	Auburn	1946	Dodge	1962	Chrysler
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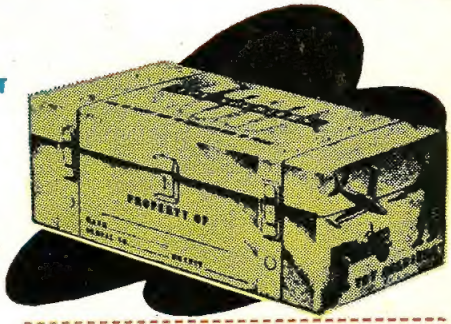

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